THE

DUENNA

OR

Double Elopement,

A

COMIC-OPERA

As performed at the Theatre Royal in Covent Garden

for the

VOICE, HARPSICHORD, or VIOLIN.

Price 10s. 6.

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[1776].

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OVERTURE in the DUENNA

Allegro

pia: *for:*

pia: *for:*

for: fia: for: fia: for: fia: for: fia: for:

fia:

fia:

Dem:

for:

Segue

Adagio

Volti

Rondeau

Allegro

piano *for:* *pia:* *for:* *pia:* *for:* *for: pia:* *for: pia:* *for: pia:* *pia:* *for: pia:*

pia: pia: pia.mo

pia.mo for: for:

pia.mo

Sym: play'd behind the Scenes

1st Flu:

2d Flu:

Violin

SERENADE

Sung by Mr. Du Bellamy

Andante

Anthonio

Tell me my Lute, can thy fond

fua:

ftrain fo gent - - - - ly fpeak thy Maf - - - ter's pain, fo fweet - - - ly

fing, fo hum - - - bly figh that tho' my fleep - - - ing love fhall

know Who fings Who fighs be - - - low her ro - - - - - - fy

flum - - - - bers fhall not Sym fly!

Thus may fome vi - - - fion whif - - per

more than e - - - - ver I - - - - - dare fpeak be - - - fore! thus may fome

vi - - - fion whif - - per more than e - - - - ver I - - - - - dare fpeak be -

- - fore!

Sung by Mr Du Bellamy & Mrs Mattocks

Andantino

Anthonio

The

crim__ſon Morn bids hence the night; un__veil thoſe beau__teous Eyes my Fair; for

'till the dawn of Love is there, I feel no day I own no light!

for: pia: #for: pia:

feel no day I own no light!

Sym

for:

2

Louiſa. Waking__ I heard thy numbers chide, | 'Tis Phœbus ſure that woos I cried,
Waking__ the dawn did bleſs my ſight; | Who ſpeaks in ſong, who moves in light!

Allegro

Don Jerome

What Vagabonds are theſe I hear Fiddling, Fluting, rhyming, ranting,

for: pia: for: pia:

Sy Sy hr Sy hr

Piping, ſcraping, whining, canting, Fly, ſcurvy Minſtrels fly!

fly, ſcurvy Minſtrels fly! pia: Louiſa Nay, prithee, Anthonio Father why ſo rough. An

for:

humble Lover I - - - - ! an humble Lo - ver I ! Don Jerome How durſt you Daughter

Cres: f.p.

lend an Ear to ſuch deceitful ſtuff! Fly, from the Window - fly! fly, fly from the Window

f.p.

Louisa

A - - - dieu An - - thonio !

Anthonio

Muſt you go . we ſoon perhaps may

fly !

Andante Affettuoſo *pia:*

meet a - - gain,

For tho' hard Fortune is our

foe, The God of Love will fight for us . The

Don Jerome

Reach me the Blunderbuſs !

for:

Love the God of Love - - - - will fight for us. the

God of Love will fight - - - will fight for us. the

hence, Reach me the Blunderbuſs! Hence, hence, reach me the Blunderbuſs!

f. p. *f. p.* *f. p.*

God of Love who knows our Pain! the God of Love who

God of Love who knows our Pain! the God of Love who

Hence, hence, I ſay reach me the Blunderbuſs! Hence, hence, or theſe

f. p. *f. p.* *f. p.* *f. p.* *f. p.* *f. p.* Cres

knows our Pain!

knows our Pain!

Slugs in your brain!

for.

Sung by Mr. Mattocks

Moderato

Ferdinand

Could I each fault re-member forgetting ev'ry charm foon wou'd Impartial rea-ſon the Ty-rant Love dif--arm foon wou'd impar-tial rea-ſon the Ty-rant Love dif-arm But when en-rag'd I number the failings of her mind Love ſtill ſuggeſts her beauty ſuggeſts her beauty and ſees while reaſon's blind and ſees while reaſon's blind and ſees while reaſon's blind

pia:

1ſt 2d blind

f

Sung by Mr. Du Bellamy

Allegro

Anthonio

I cou'd never Luſtre

ſee in eyes that wou'd not look on me I ne'er ſaw Nectar on a lip but where my own did hope to ſip

Has the Maid who ſeeks my heart cheeks of Roſe untouch'd by art I will own the colour true when yielding bluſhes aid their hue when

yielding bluſhes aid their hue

Is her hand ſo ſoft and pure?
I muſt preſs it, to be ſure:
Nor can I be certain then;
Till it gratefull preſs again.
Muſt I with attentive Eye
Watch her heaving boſom ſigh.
I will do ſo— when I ſee
That heaving boſom ſigh for me.

Sung by Mr. DuBellamy

Andantino

Anthonio

Friendſhip is the bond of rea--ſon, but if beauty diſ-ap-prove, Heav'n ab-

-ſolves all o--ther trea-ſon in the heart that's true to love. in the heart that's true to

love. Sy

The faith which to my friend I ſwore, as a

for: pia:

ci---vil oath I view: but to the charms which I a--dore, 'tis re--li--gion to be

true. but to the charms which I a - - - dore, 'tis re - li - gion to be true - - - - - - - - - - - -

Friendſhip Then if to one I falſe muſt be; can I doubt which to pre - - fer a breach of

al Segno 𝄋.

ſo - cial faith to thee, or fa - - cri - lege to love and her, then if to one I falſe muſt be; can I

doubt - which to prefer - - - a breach of fo - - cial faith to

thee, or fa - - cri - lege to love and her - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

Sung by Mr. Mattocks

Spiritoso

Sy

piu:

for:

piu:

Ferdinand.

Tho' cauſe for ſuſ_pi_cion appears,

Sy

yet proofs of her

love too are ſtrong:

Sy

I'm a wretch if I'm right in my fears,

Sy

and un_wor_thy of

bliſs if I'm wrong.

Sy

what heart breaking torments from jea_louſy

for:

flow, ah, none but the jea--lous, the jea--lous can know! what heart breaking tor-ments from

jea--loufy flow, ah, none but the jea--lous, the jea--lous can know! ah, none but the

jea--lous, the jea--lous can know!

Sy

for:

pia:

for:

2

When bleſt with the ſmiles of my fair,
I know not how much I adore
Thoſe ſmiles let another but ſhare,
And I wonder I priz'd them no more!
Then whence can I hope a relief from my woe,
When the falſer ſhe ſeems, ſtill the fonder I grow!

Sung by Mrs Mallocks

Andante

Louisa

Thou canst not boast of fortunes store, my love, while me they weal_thy call: but I was glad to find thee poor for with my heart I'll give thee all. Sym

Cres:

And then the grate_ful youth will own I lov'd him for himself alone. and then the grat_ful youth will own I lov'd him for himself a_lone. Sym

2

But when his worth my hand shall gain
No word or look of mine shall show
That I the smallest thought retain
Of what my bounty did bestow:
Yet still his grateful heart shall own,
I lov'd him for himself alone.

Allegro

Sy'

Don Jorome

If a Daughter you have, She's the plague of your life, no peace ſhall you know tho' you've buried your Wife! at

twenty ſhe mocks at the du-ty you taught her. O. what a plague is an ob-ſti-nate Daughter. ſighing and whining.

dy-ing and pin-ing. O! what a plague is an ob-ſti-nate Daughter. Sy

When ſcarce in their Teens, they have wit to perplex us,
With letters and lovers, forever they vex us.
While each ſtill rejects the Fair Suitor you've brought her,
O! what a plague is an obſtinate Daughter,
Jangling and wrangling,
Flouting and pouting.
O! what a plague &c.

Sung by: Miss. Brown

Moderato

pia: for:

When Sable night, each drooping plant restoring,
wept o'er the flow'rs her breath did cheer. As some sad Widow o'er her Babe deploring, wakes its Beauties with a tear.

2
When all did sleep, whose weary hearts could borrow
One hour, from Love and care to rest,
Lo! as I press'd my Couch in silent sorrow
My Lover, caught me to his breast.

He vow'd he came to save me. from those who would enslave me. then kneeling, kisses stealing.
endless faith he swore. but soon I chid him thence. for had his fond pretence. found fa = vor then and he had pres'd a = gain. I
fear'd in my heart I might grant him more. more

Andante
Affettuoso

Don Carlos

Had I a heart for falfehood fram'd, I ne'er coud injure you: For

tho' your tongue no promife claim'd, Your Charms would make me true. To you no Soul fhall bear deceit, No Stranger offer wrong: But

Friends in all the Ag'd you'll meet, And Lovers in the young.

Sy

(2)

But when they learn that you have bleft
Another with your heart,
They'll bid afpiring Paſsion reſt,
And Act a Brother's part.
Then, Lady, dread not here deceit,
Nor fear to ſuffer wrong:
For Friends in all the ag'd you'll meet
And Brothers in the young.

Sung by Mr. Quick & Mrs. Mattocks

Sy

Isaac Mendoza

My mistress expects me, and

Louisa

I must go to her or how can I hope for a smile! Soon may you re--turn a prosperous wooer, but think what I suf-fer the

while! but think, but think what I suf-fer the while!

Sy

alone and a-way from the man whom I love, in strngers I'm

Sy

Isaac Mendoza

forc'd to confide.

Dear lady, my friend you may trust and he'll prove your Guardian, protector, and guide. Dear lady my friend you may

for: *pia:*

trust and he'll prove your guardian, protector, and guide. protec-tor, and guide protector, and guide.

Affettuoso

Don Carlos

Gentle maid, gen–tle maid, ah! why ſuſpect me! let me ſerve thee let me

ſerve thee then reject me. Gen––tle maid, ah! why ſuſpect me? let me ſerve thee

Cres:

then re–––ject me.

Canſt thou

truſt and I de––ceive thee. art thou ſad and ſhall I grieve thee? canſt thou truſt and I deceive thee

art thou ſad and ſhall I grieve thee? art thou ſad and ſhall I greive thee ſhall I grieve thee! Da Capo

Sung by Mrs. Mallocks. Mrs. Quick & Mrs. Scott.

Louisa

Ifaac

May'st thou never happy be, If in ought thou'rt false to me. May he never happy

Don Carlos

be, If in ought he's false to thee. May I never happy be, If in ought I'm false to

Louisa

May'st thou never happy be, If in ought thou'rt false to me.

Don Carlos

thee. May I never, May I never, May I

Ifaac

May he never, If in ought he's false to thee - - - -

may'st thou never if in ought thou'rt false to me. may'st thou never happy

never happy be, if in ought I'm false to thee. may I never happy

may he never if in ought he's false to thee. never hap - - - - - - - py never

be, if in ought thou'rt false to me. if in ought thou'rt falfe to

be, if in ought I'm false to thee. if in ought I'm falfe to

happy, never hap - - - - - - - - py, ne - - ver happy if in ought he's falfe to

me. thou'rt false to me. thou'rt false to me.

thee. I'm false to thee. I'm false to thee.

Sym

thee. he's false to thee. he's false to thee.

End of the first Act.

Act 2d

Sung by Mr. Quick

Moderato

pia: for:

Ifaac

Give Ifaac the Nymph who no beauty can boaft but Health and good Humour to

Sy

make her his Toaft,

If ftraight I don't mind whether ſlender or fat, or

Sy

fix foot or four we'll ne'er quarrel for that, we'll ne'er quarrel for that.

What

e'er her Complection I vow I don't care; If brown it is lafting more

pleafing if fair: And tho' in her cheeks I no dimples fhou'd fee, let her fmile and each

dell is a dimple to me. a dimple to me. let her fmile and each dell is a

Sy

dimple to me.

(2)

Let her locks be the reddeft that ever were feen,
And her eyes may be—faith any Colour but green;
For in eyes tho' fo various the luftre and hue,
I fwear I've no choice, only let her have two:
'Tis true I'd difpenfe with a Throne on her back,
And white Teeth I own, are genteeler than black:
A little round Chin too's a beauty I've heard,
But I only defire — fhe may'nt have a Beard.

Sung by Mr. Wilson.

Con Spirito

Don Jerome

When the Maid whom we Love no en_treaties can move, Who'd lead a life of pining. If her charms will excuſe the fond raſhneſs you uſe, a_ _ _ _way with I_ _dle whining! never ſtand like a Fool, with looks ſheepiſh and cool; ſuch

bafh_ _full Love is teaz_ _ing: but with Spirit addreſs, and you're

ſure of ſucceſs, for ho_ _ _neſt warmth is pleaſing. O

for:

ho_ _ _neſt warmth is pleaſing.

2

And tho' Wedlocks your view
Like a Rake if you woo
Girls ſooner quit their coyneſs
They know beauty inſpires
Leſs reſpect than deſires
Hence Love is prov'd by boldneſs
So ne'er ſtand like a fool &c

Sung by Mr. Green

Allegro

Duenna

When a

tender Maid is firſt eſsay'd by ſome admiring Swain, How her bluſhes riſe if ſhe meets his eyes while

he unfolds his pain! If he takes her hand ſhe trembles quite! Touch her lips and ſhe ſwoons outright! While a

6 5 ♮3 6

pit a pit a pit a pat a pit a pit a pat her Heart a_vows her fright! fright!

1st 2d

(2)

But in time appear fewer ſigns of fear;
The Youth ſhe boldly views:
If her hand he graſp, or her boſom claſp,
No mantling bluſh enſues!
Then to Church well pleaſ'd the Lovers move,
While her ſmiles her Contentment prove,
And a pit a pat &c.
Her heart avows her love!

Larghetto

Don Carlos

Ah ſure a pair was never ſeen So juſtly form'd to meet by Nature! The Youth excelling

fia:

fia:

ſo in mein, The Maid in ev'ry gracefull feature! O how happy are ſuch Lovers, When kindred beauties

Sy

each diſcovers! for ſurely ſhe was made for thee, And thou to bleſs this charming Creature.

for:

(2)

So mild your looks, your Children thence
Will early learn the taſk of duty
The Boys with all their Father's ſenſe,
The Girls with all their Mother's beauty!
O how charming to inherit
At once ſuch graces and ſuch ſpirit:
Thus while you live may Fortune give
Each bleſsing equal to your Merit!

Sung by Mr. Quick & Mr. Wilson

Moderato

Ifaac Mendoza

Be - leive me good Sir I ne'er meant to of - - fend my

Mif - trefs I love and I va - lue my friend to win her and wed her is

still my re - - queſt for better for worſe and I ſwear I dont jeſt

Allegro

Ifaac Mendoza

Hold hold him faſt I beſeech you hold him faſt I beſeech you his

Don Jerome

Zounds! Zounds! you'd beſt not provoke me Zounds! you'd beſt not provoke me not provoke me my

rage is fo high good Sir you're too hot - - - - - - from this place I muft

rage is fo high good Knave your a Sot - - - - - - - from this

fly good Sir you're too hot you're too hot too hot - - - - - - too hot -

place you'd beft fly good Knave you're a Sot a Sot a Sot - - - - - - - - - a

- - - - - - - - - and this place I muft fly

fot - - - - - - - - this place you muft fly

Sung by Mr. Mallocks Mr. Quick and Mr. Wilson

Vio 1mo

Vio 2o

Viola

A Bumper a Bumper a Bumper of good liquor will

A Bumper a Bumper a Bumper of good liquor will

A Bumper a-Bumper a Bumper of good liquor will

end a conteſt quicker than Juſtice Judge or Vi_car ſo fill each chearful glaſs each chearful glaſs each chearful glaſs ſo fill each chearful glaſs

end a conteſt quicker than Juſtice Judge or Vi_car ſo fill each chearful glaſs each chearful glaſs each chearful glaſs ſo fill each chearful glaſs

end a conteſt quicker than Juſtice Judge or Vi_car ſo fill each chearful glaſs each chearful glaſs each chearful glaſs ſo fill each chearful glaſs

But if more deep the quarrel why ſooner drain the Barrel than be that hatefull fellow that's crabbed when he's mellow but if more deep the

why ſooner drain the Barrel

that's crabbed when he's mellow but if more deep the

why ſooner drain the Barrel

that's crabbed when he's mellow but if more deep the

quarrel why ſooner drain the Barrel than be the hateful fellow that's crabbed when he's mellow a bum-per a

quarrel why ſooner drain the Barrel than be the hateful fellow that's crabbed when he's mellow a bum-per a

quarrel why ſooner drain the Barrel than be the hateful fellow that's crabbed when he's mellow a bum-per a

bumper a bumper of good Liquor will end a conteſt quicker then Juſtice Judge or Vi-car ſo fill each chearful

bumper a bumper of good Liquor will end a conteſt quicker then Juſtice Judge or Vi-car ſo fill each chearful

bumper a bumper of good Liquor will end a conteſt quicker then Juſtice Judge or Vi-car ſo fill each cheaful

glaſs each chearful glaſs each chearful glaſs ſo fill each chearful glaſs

glaſs each chearful glaſs each chearful glaſs ſo fill each chearful glaſs

glaſs each chearful glaſs each chearful glaſs ſo fill each chearful glaſs

Sung by Mrs Mattocks

Larghetto

mf p mf p

cres f p cres

Louisa What

Bard O Time dif - - co - ver with Wings first made thee move ah! sure he was some

Lo - - - ver who ne'er had left his Love Sy for who that once did prove the

pangs which abſence brings tho' but one day he were a - way cou'd picture thee with

wings tho' but one day he were a - way cou'd pic - ture thee with wings - - - - - - - what

Bard cou'd pic - ture thee with wings what Bard O Time diſ - co - ver with wings firſt

made the move ah ſure he was ſome Lo - - ver who ne'er had left his Love who

ne'er had left his Love

Sung by Mr. Leoni

Don Carlos

Andante

O had my Love ne'er ſmil'd on me I ne'er had

known ſuch Anguiſh but think how falſe how cru - el ſhe to bid me ceaſe to lan - guiſh to

bid me hope her hand to gain breathe on a flame half pe - - riſh'd and then with cold and

fix'd dif - dain to kill the hope ſhe cheriſh'd

mf

2

Not worſe his fate who on a wreck
That drove as winds did blow it
Silent had left the ſhatter'd deck
To find a grave below it:
Then land was cried no more reſign'd
He glow'd with joy to hear it
Not worſe his fate his woe to find
The wreck muſt ſink e'er near it.





End of the Second Act.

Act 3d

Sung by Mr. Wilson

Allegro

Don Jerome

O the days when I was young! When I laugh'd in Fortune's ſpight, talk'd of Love the whole day long And with Nec-tar crown'd the Night. Then it was old Father care, little reck'd I of thy frown; half thy malice youth cou'd bear, And the reſt a bumper drown — — — . O the days when I was young When I laugh'd in Fortune's ſpight, talk'd of Love the whole day long And with Nec-tar crown'd the Night.

(2)

Truth they ſay lies in a Well,
Why I vow I ne'er cou'd ſee
Let the Water drinkers tell,
There it always lay for me:
For when ſparkling Wine went round,
Never ſaw I falſehood's maſk;
But ſtill honeſt Truth I found
In the bottom of each flaſk!
O the days &c.

(3)

True at length my vigour's flown,
I have years to bring decay;
Few the Locks that now I own,
And the few I have are grey!
Yet old Jerome thou mayſt boaſt,
While thy ſpirits do not tire,
Still beneath thy Age's froſt
Glows a ſpark of youthful fire.
O the days &c.

Con Spirito

pia:

tasto Solo

Don Ferdinand

Ah! cruel Maid how hast thou chang'd the

for: *pia:*

Temper of my mind! My heart by thee from Mirth estrang'd, be-comes like thee un

tasto Solo

Sy

kind! By Fortune fa-vour'd, clear in fame, I once ambitious was; And

for: *pia:* *for:*

Sy

Friends I had that fann'd the flame, and gave my youth ap-plause. And Friends I had that

pia: *for:* *pia:* tasto Solo

Sy

fann'd the flame, and gave my youth applauſe.

for: *pia:* *for:*

taſto Solo

But now my weakneſs

Siciliana *pia:*

all a--buſe, yet vain their taunts on me; Friends, fortune, fame it--ſelf I'd looſe, to

for: *pia:* *for:*

gain one ſmile of thee. Yet only thou ſhouldst not deſpiſe my folly or my woe; If

Sy

I am Mad in others eyes 'tis thou haſt made me ſo!

pia: *for:*

But days like theſe with doubting curſt I will not long en--dure: Am I deſpiſ'd. I

pia: tafto Solo

know the worſt, and alſo know my cure. Sy If falſe her vows, ſhe dare renounce, ſhe inſtant ends my

for: *pia:*

Sy pain: For oh! that heart muſt break at once which can--not hate a--gain! For

for: *pia:* *for:*

oh! that heart muſt break at once, which cannot hate a--gain! Sy

pia: tafto Solo *for:*

pia: *for:*

tafto Solo

Sung by Mr. Mattocks

Ferdinand

Presto

Shall not my Soul to vengence now be

mov'd

by him I trusted rob'd of her I lov'd.

Allegro

hr *hr*

pia:

Sharp is the woe - that wounds the jealous mind, when

treach'ry two fond hearts would rend! but Oh! how keen - - er far the pang, to find - - - - - - -

for: *pia:*

that traitor that

trai - - - - - tor in our bo - - - - fom friend!

for: pia:

Cres:

Sharp is the woe that wounds the jealous mind, when treach'ry two fond hearts wou'd rend! but

Oh! how keen - - - er far the pang, to find that traitor in our bo - - fom friend! but Oh! how keener

for: pia: for: pia: for: pia: for: pia: for: for: pia:

far the pang, to find that tr. itor in our bo - - fom friend!

for: pia: for: for: pia: for: pia: for:

Sharp is the woe that wounds the jealous mind, when treach'ry two fond hearts would rend! but Oh! how keen--er

far the pang to find that traitor in our bo--som find to find

that traitor that trai-tor in our

bo - - - - som friend.

Cres: Cres:

Larghetto

Clara

By

him we love of--fend---ed how soon our an--ger flies! one day a--part 'tis end---ed be-

pia:

--hold him and it dies! laft night your rov--ing brother en--rag'd I bad de-part, and

sure his rude pre--sumption, de--serv'd to lose my heart:--- yet were he now be--fore me, In

spite of in--jur'd pride, I fear my eyes wou'd par--don--- be---fore my tongue cou'd chide. By

him we love of fend - - - ed how foon our an - - ger flies! one day a part 'tis

end - - ed be - - - hold him and it dies! be - - - - - hold him and it dies be - - - - -

Runf. *Runf.* *for:*

- - hold him and it dies! with truth the bold de - - cei - - - ver, to

pia:

me thus oft has faid - - - 'In vain wou'd Cla - - - ra flight me, 'In vain fhe would up -

- - braid! 'in vain fhe wou'd up - braid! no fcorn thofe lips dif - - co - - ver where

for: *for: pia:* *for: pia:*

dimples laugh the while: no frowns appear re_fentful where heav'n has ſtamp'd a ſmile! no

for: pia: for: pia: for: pia:

frowns appear re_fentful, where hea - - - - - - ven has ſtamp'd a ſmile! By him we love of -

- - fend - - - ed how ſoon our an - - ger flies! one day a - - part 'tis end_ed, be - - - - hold him and it

for: pia:

dies! be - - - - hold him and it dies! be - - - - hold him and it dies! be - - - - hold him and it

for: pia: for: 6 pia: for: 6

dies!

Sung by Mr. Du Bellamy

Andante

Anthonio

How oft Louisa, hast thou said nor wilt thou the fond boast disown Thou wouldst not lose An-
-thonio's love to reign the partner of a Throne!
And by those lips which spoke so kind! and
by this hand I press'd to mine! To be the Lord of wealth and pow'r, I swear I would not part with thine.

2

Then how my Soul can we be poor
Who own what kingdoms could not buy!
Of this true heart thou shalt be Queen,
And serving thee— a Monarch I.
Thus uncontroul'd in mutual bliss
And rich in love's exhaustless Mine
Do thou snatch treasures from my lips,
And I'll take Kingdoms back from thine!

Sung by Miss Brown

Andante

Oboe Solo

Violin Oboe Viol

pia: for: pia: for:

Oboe

Tutti

Clara

Adieu thou dreary Pile Where

pia: for:

Oboe

fadneſs never dies,

where fadneſs never dies, Where echo ſtill repeats, the mourners plaintive ſighs! where

pia:

e-cho ſtill repeats re-peats

Cres:

Violins

the mourners plaintive ſighs Adieu, Adieu, Adieu thou dreary pile, where ſadneſs never dies.

dim: pia: for: pia: for: pia: for: pia: for: for: pia: for: pia: for:

unis

Adieu thou dreary pile, where ſadneſs never dies. where

ſadneſs never dies Adieu thou dreary pile, where e - - - - - cho ſtill repeats, ſtill repeats the mourners plaintive

for: pia:

ſighs! the mourners plaintive ſighs! ſtill ſtill re-peats the mour - - - - ners plain - - tive ſighs! Adieu thou dreary pile, where ſadneſs never

for: for: pia:

dies, never dies, where echo echo ſtill repeats, ſtill repeats the mourners plaintive ſighs! re-peats, re-peats

pia: *f.* *p.* *f.* *p.* *f.* *p.* *p.* *f.* *p.*

the mourners plain- - tive ſighs!

Vs. with the 1st. Violin

f. *p.* *f.* *p.* *f.*

For happier ſcenes I fly I fly this hateful Grove, I fly this hateful Grove, to ev'-ry joy a foe: to

Allegro *pia:*

ev'ry joy a foe: a grave to hapleſs Love. I fly, I fly, I fly this hateful

for: *for:* *for:* *pia:*

Grove, to ev'ry joy a foe- - -: the Grave of hapleſs Love. the Grave of hapleſs Love. D.C.

Cres:

Sung by Mr Mahon Mrs Fox . Mr Baker &c &c

Solo Father Paul

This Bottles the Sun of our

Chorus

Solo F. Paul

Wine

Ta— ble, whose beams are rosy Wine: This Bottles the Sun of our Table, whose beams are rosy Wine;

rosy

Cho:

This

This Bottles the Sun of our Table, whose beams are rosy Wine;

This

Tutti

Solo

Bottles the Sun of our Ta— ble, whose beams are rosy Wine:

We Planets that are not a— ble with—

Bottles the Sun of our Ta— ble, whose beams are rosy Wine:

Chorus

-out his help to ſhine: We Planets that are not a--ble without his help to ſhine: put it round--

We Planets that are not a--ble without his help to ſhine:

-, Let Mirth and glee abound. This Bottles the Sun of our Ta--ble, let Mirth and joy a-

put it round, put it round,

This Bottles the Sun of our Ta--ble, let Mirth and joy a-

-bound. let Mirth and joy a-bound. let Mirth and joy a-bound.

-bound. let Mirth and joy a-bound. let Mirth and joy a-bound.

Sung by Mrs Mattocks & Miss Brown

Louisa

Clara

Turn thee round I pray thee calm a - while thy rage I muſt help to ſtay thee and thy wrath af - ſwage

Louisa

Clara

Could'ſt thou not dif - cover one ſo near to thee Can'ſt thou be a - Lover and yet fly from me

Sung by Mr Mattocks, Mr Du Bellamy, Mrs Mattocks & Miss Brown

Oft does Hymen ſmile to hear words and vows of feign'd re - - gard well he knows when they're ſin - cere

Oft does Hymen ſmile to hear words and vows of feign'd re - gard well he knows when they're ſin - cere

Oft does Hymen ſmile to hear words and vows of feign'd re - gard well he knows when they're ſin - cere

Oft does Hymen ſmile to hear words and vows of feign'd re - - gard well he knows when they're ſin - cere

never flow to give re - ward For his glo - ry is to prove kind to thoſe that wed for love

- - never flow to give re - ward For his glo - ry is to prove kind to thoſe that wed for love

never flow to give re - ward For his glo - ry is to prove kind to thoſe that wed for love

- - never flow to give re - ward For his glo - ry is to prove kind to thoſe that wed for love

Introduction to the Finale

Finale

Don Jerome

Come now for jeſt and ſmi - - ling both Old and Young be - - gui - - - ling let us laugh and play ſo blithe and gay till we drive old care a - way

Louiſa Cho: Thus crown'd with dance and ſong the hours ſhall glide a - - long with a heart at eaſe merry merry Glees can ne - ver fail to pleaſe

Fer: 2

Each Bride with bluſhes glowing
Our Wine as roſy flowing
Anth: Let us laugh &c
Then healths to ev'ry friend
The Nights repaſt ſhall end
With a heart &c

Clara 3

Nor while we are ſo joyous
Shall anxious fear annoy us
Cho: Let us laugh &c
For gen'rous gueſts like theſe
Accept the wiſh to pleaſe
So we'll laugh and play — all blithe and gay
Your ſmiles drive care away

Fine.

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